

The Evening World.

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FREE BEACHES FOR THE PUBLIC.

CONEY ISLAND'S BEACH at last is to be open to the public, free from control by private interests that fenced in the favorite bathing ground of the Metropolis.

Five years ago The Evening World began its fight for the opening up of Coney Island to the people. It obtained for them first a free beach. Now the Court of Appeals has decided that the shore between high and low tides also belongs to the people and the obstructions must go. Squatter sovereignty of the beaches is overthrown.

This decision not only means much for summer recreation of the public, but it also will have important bearing upon many other waterfront titles, many of them of great value.

The Evening World congratulates the public on securing restoration of its rightful property and privileges. There are plenty of other battles to fight, plenty of other abuses to correct, plenty of other wrongs to be righted. Sometimes justice seems slow in arriving and rights a long time being achieved. Publicity by a fearless newspaper and persistency by an aroused public have won many triumphs in the past, and together they will win many more in the future.

CORPORATION SKELETONS.

UNION LABOR is playing a new game in the wage demands of railroad telegraphers before the Federal Arbitration Board.

Instead of class agitation, threats of strike and old-time attempts at coercion, a flank attack is made on company closets where hang corporate skeletons and financial ghosts of bygone days.

The telegraphers' union is rattling the New York Central's record of stock watering and raking over scandals of high finance dating back to the times when Commodore Vanderbilt's manipulations were not hampered by Public Service Commissions, and his son, William H. Vanderbilt, could let "the public be damned."

With statistics and deductions compiled by experts, the union leaders put forward claims that interest on huge bond issues and dividends on bloated stock issues absorb money that should have been applied to increasing wages of employees.

A very clever move is this, and a decidedly advanced step in the presentation of labor's demands. Many a corporation striving now to be "good" and to make up in real assets inflated balance sheets of the past has undesirable skeletons inherited from reckless founders and promoters. There are plenty of ghosts of financial Banquets in Wall Street that will not stay down. Somebody always is unkind enough to resurrect them at inopportune moments.

While steam railroad companies are having troubles with employees, street railroad and lighting companies of New York are stirring up trouble for themselves with the public. Nothing appears more ridiculous than transit lines, particularly the B. R. T., quibbling and evading an order of the Public Service Commission designed to end that overworked game of "All out, car ahead." Or as another sample, the Kings County Lighting Company pressing for authorization of a bond issue while fighting a legislative mandate for eighty-cent gas.

Some overlord of corporations should set up a spanking machine for little foolish directors and managers who are only inviting more rigid regulation, more drastic legislation, or lock them up in the skeleton closets. By their own practices they are doing more than all the Socialists, all the Anarchists, all the agitators, to bring about their own destruction and to encourage Government ownership of their own properties.

Repeated defiance of orders, continued disregard of public rights, maintaining nagging nuisances, provoking constant irritations and practicing extortions in rates—these are the blind methods of many corporations that exist only by the favor of public franchises, who live only through public patronage and who thrive only by publicly sanctioned monopoly.

You progressive, far-seeing captains of industry should take the bad boys of the reactionary public service corporations into the back woods, like father used to do, and have a nice little disciplinary session. If you don't the public will, and what happens is likely to fall on the heads of the just and the unjust without much discrimination.

KEEP COOL.

THERE are two very good reasons for keeping cool just at this particular time, and there are two ways of doing it. Trying to keep cool physically in these days of torrid heat is not so important as keeping cool mentally about the epidemic of infantile paralysis.

Hysterical fear is causing more panic than actual disease. Fright is magnifying trifling ailments into imaginary cases of the epidemic. The scare is worse than the reality.

A 50 per cent. falling off in deaths from infantile paralysis yesterday is a reassuring report of improved conditions. There have been but 287 deaths all told among perhaps a million children. An epidemic of measles last year, scarcely noticed, was far more serious.

Keep cool mentally, even if you do perspire. Don't get excited or panic-stricken either about the disease or the weather. It will only serve to make you hotter and be worse for the children.

Questions and Answers.

Can Vote, but Not Take Part in Political Campaigns.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it true that civil service employees cannot vote or help elect any candidate?
UNINFORMED.
1914-1,214,400; 1915-236,700.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
You would greatly oblige an old reader by informing me to just what extent the European war has affected immigration into the United States.
E. F. B.
Sunday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please tell me on what day of the week Jan. 15, 1882, fell.
CONSTANT READER.
Capitals.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly let me know in your "Questions and Answers" column which is correct and why: A says two capitals, B says two capitals. Is the cupa full supposed to be one word or two?
Free on Board.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly let me know in your "Questions and Answers" section which is the right meaning of the term "B. O. B." A says it is "Free on board," B says it is "Freight on board."
W. H. V.
A—Mexican; B—Francisco; C—No French.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will you kindly answer the following questions:
A—What is the nationality of Pancho Villa?
B—What is his right name?
C—Did he ever serve in the negro Tenth U. S. Cavalry?
J. H. E.

Cooling Off!



By J. H. Cassel

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

IHAD a practicable joke hoisted onto me in here yesterday, kid," said Lucile, the waitress, as she deftly removed a fly from the newspaper man's soup.

"That so?" asked the patron.

"Yes. A lot of chauffeurs perpetuated it. That bunch of jitters jerkers who hang around this corner are just full of native humor. But wait, I'll get even."

"What happened?"

"Why, Noney McGuire comes in here and after eating his eggs, fishes a ticket out of his pocket with No. 11 on it. He slips me the ticket and says 'It's a raffle, Lucile. I don't know what it's for, but you can have it. Maybe you'll win.' With that he beats it, leaving me holding the ticket."

"Well, they ain't anyone present who can elucidate the ticket to me, so I stuff it in my pocket and go about my business. Half an hour later Noney and four other chauffeurs come in and one of them is carrying a little, scrawny, hungry-looking yellow dog. They put the dog on the counter."

"You won the raffle, Lucile," says Noney. "Here's the prize."

"With that they laugh and all of 'em beat it but Noney. He sticks around to kid me."

"You're a lucky dame," says he. "Here you get a nice yellow cur dog for nothing. Don't cost you no recompense at all, and I, like a fool, owned the ticket and never knew it was so valuable."

"I give him one look. 'Listen, Noney, I says, you got a idea you're funny, but you ain't. You take that dog home. Anyways, he's yours. You're sure a lucky person!'"

"Just then Lucile, the towhead at the pie counter, comes up behind me. Her and Noney likes each other pretty much, and natchurally, seeing me with a dog Noney put on the counter, she's a bit jealous."

"Oh, look at the nice, scrawny canine Uncle Noney give Aunt Lucile," she says.

"Now, listen, kid. She knows I don't want her to be calling me Aunt. I give her a long, lingering look of scorn. Finally I says: 'He really ought to be Cousin Lucile's, carrying out the equipments of her 'Uncle and aunt' joke."

"And why?" asks Lucile.

"'Because,' I says, 'he'll just match your hair when it fades back up natural!'"

"Say, kid, it set her crazy. She beats it for the realm of pies and Noney exits first entrance. I take the dog to the kitchen and the placidity of the place is resumed."

"Twas a mean trick Noney played on you," said the newspaper man.

"It sure was, kid. But it's all right

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

BEHOLD, my Daughter, the Fool hath said in her heart:

"I shall find me an Ideal Husband!"

But the Wise Woman shaketh her head and admonisheth her, saying:

"Go to, go to, thou Simple One! There IS no 'Ideal Husband' Verily, I shall find me an HUSBAND—and idealize him!"

"For lo, husbands come not ready made, like unto canned soups; and in the matrimonial market there is NO delicatessen shop."

"I shall go forth in search of mine husband, as one that goeth 'shopping'."

"I shall seek him with wisdom, and select him for his quality and durability, rather than for his style and his beauty."

"For, behold, I can shape him to my will and put on the fancy trimming afterward."

"And when I have brought him home I shall iron out the wrinkles from his temper and patch up his digestion."

"Yes, I shall guard them with my life."

"I shall take a tuck in his vanity, if it be too large."

"I shall let a seam out of his purse, if it be too tight."

"I shall whitewash his sins before men, and gild his weaknesses and follies with smiles of approval; but in private I shall disinfect his morals."

"I shall supply him with BACKBONE, while I pose modestly as his RIB."

"I shall polish up his manners and trim them with marabout and gold braid and cover his breaks with words of velvet."

"I shall dose him with religion in sugar coated pellets; I shall feed him the Tonic of Flattery and the bitter aloes of Reproof in equal quantities."

"I shall tie him to me with the leash of Perfect Faith. Yes, I shall bind him to me with kisses and darning thread and home made pies and baby ribbon and sachets and lullabies and sympathy and petting and the Smile—that-will-not-come-off!"

"His ears shall be so stuffed with cotton batting that he shall never hear the Call of the Wild Bachelor in his heart again!"

"And when I have thus adjusted him to mine Ideal, I shall accept him joyfully for what he IS, rather than for what he OUGHT to be, and shall be satisfied."

"And whoso calleth me a PARASITE when I have done this Great Thing, shall hear the scorn of my ha-ha-ha!"

"For lo, she that maketh money, and she that maketh books, and she that maketh pictures is a performer of works."

"But she that maketh an HUSBAND out of a MAN is a Worker of Miracles!"

Selah.

Utensil Rack for Camp Fire.

A(By Permission of Popular Mechanics.)

COMPACT, simple device for holding cooking utensils over a camp fire is shown in the sketch. It may be collapsed into a small bundle and is of light weight. Factors which are important in camping equipment. The device consists of two sections of pipe, A, supported on rods, B, having eyes bent at their upper ends. The lower end of the supports is pointed and may be driven into the ground so as to spread the pipes more at one end than at the other, thus providing for large as well as small utensils.

It becomes one, while exempt from woods, to look to the dangers—Sophocles.

Why, when I left the house this morning that pup whined like as if he was losing his best friend. Last night he slept on my bed with his skinny little head right next to my shoulder. And say, kid, you ought to see his new collar!"

Lucile was quiet a moment. Then she added: "But I'll get even with that Noney. You see if I don't."

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

JACK FORD had come from San Francisco to teach the district school at the frontier settlement of Indian Springs. And there he proceeded to fall hopelessly in love with his eldest pupil, Cressy McKinstry.

Cressy—a gloriously beautiful, capricious girl—fell just as completely in love with Ford. She was already engaged to Seth Davis, a gawky young pioneer; but, on Ford's account, she coaxed her ruffianly old father into breaking her previous engagement for her by the simple process of starting a blood feud with Davis.

Cressy's mother insisted that the girl should marry Joe Masters, a neighbor who had long worshipped her from afar. Old man McKinstry, her father, was equally anxious for her to make a brilliant match by marrying Ford. The schoolmaster himself lived on in a fool's paradise of love for the girl, although his common sense told him the crazy folly of allying himself with such a family. And Cressy, though she gave no sign of it, knew just what was going on in his troubled mind.

Then Seth Davis, to "get even" for his own jilting, took a hand in the game. He stole a packet of love letters, long ago written for Ford by a San Francisco woman. These he displayed broadcast throughout the neighborhood.

Frontier morals were crude, but sturdy. And the news that Ford was courting one girl while receiving love letters from another stirred up hot sentiment against him. A band of masked vigilantes gathered to run him out of town.

Ford faced the band and challenged any one member of it to meet him in a fair duel. Out from the group stepped a man who willingly accepted the challenge. Unmasking, he revealed the rugged face of McKinstry.

Blives were chosen as the weapons for the encounter. Ford knew his opponent was merely seeking to avenge the fancied insult the schoolmaster's courtship had put upon Cressy. So he did not aim at the old man, but, instead, fired upward into the air.

Nevertheless, at the very first exchange of shots, McKinstry tumbled forward on his face, badly wounded. Seth Davis, lurking behind a bush, pistol in hand, had taken advantage of the duel to wipe out a portion of the Davis-McKinstry blood feud.

Ford ran to the stricken old man and kneeling at his side swore to him that he had not inflicted the wound. He also assured McKinstry that his motives toward Cressy were honorable and that the love letters from the other woman were a bit of ancient history.

Old man McKinstry was a shrewd judge of human nature. He saw the schoolmaster was telling the truth. The discovery that the wound had been caused by a bullet let from a pistol and not from a rifle added conviction to his belief in Ford.

McKinstry not only took Ford back into his own good graces, but made the neighbors believe in the schoolmaster's innocence and reinstate him in his school.

The course of true love promised henceforth to run smooth. But Mrs. McKinstry had a habit of getting her own way in all things, as she speedily proved.

Two days later, when Ford entered the schoolroom, a tiny pupil called out to him:

"Cressy McKinstry's left school. She's married to Joe Masters."

"Married!" gasped Ford, in stark bewilderment.

"Why, we knowed it all the time!" chorused his pupils.

The best part of our knowledge is that which teaches us where knowledge leaves off and ignorance begins.—Holmes.

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Girl Who Came from the Country.

ONCE upon a time there was a girl who was born and reared in the country. She was the village belle. Her name was Jane. She was the centre of every group. She was part and parcel of farm life. She came of good old stock, where everybody worked. She knew how to excel in the field or barn or village dance. Jane loved the life. She had known nothing else. Each season brought with it its particular charm. This she was alive with youth, her strong young frame being the result of her rural activities.

Among her many beaux there was one, the most persistent, the most daring of them all. Though more than once he had told her of his love, she put him off on the theory that she wanted to know more of life ere she settled down.

At last, longing for "life" came through her reading the magazines and newspapers of the big city during the long winter nights.

The pictures of the white lights and the gorgeous dresses and the theatres fascinated her.

She wanted to see the congested streets, with the many, many kinds of busy people; and from her secluded sanctum she longed to test her strength in the seething city beyond her vision.

Now, it happened that at the next farm away they took summer boarders. Often Jane would go over for a dance in the barn, which the city people loved so much.

Fortunately she had her purse and found her way back to the miserable little room she had shared with Flossie. She packed her belongings and made her way to the railroad station. She found it would be hours before a train left for home, but she waited patiently.

During the long day's ride she was busy with her thoughts. She realized that in the city all was as naked as the truth but hidden under the cloak of convention.

There was a jolt when she returned. Up the long, shady lane she carried her valise. She threw off her hat and breathed in the pure, harvest-laden air. When she approached the house she looked in at the family circle. "Oh, how wholesome it is," she breathed to herself.

There was a joyous and tearful greeting. They knew she would come back. Pretty soon she heard the clank of hoofs. They told her how HE came riding by every night to find out if there was any news of her. She ran out and down the lane and under the starry sky they met—never to be parted.

Home-grown products may take root in foreign ports, but thrive only in home environment.

catchup and sauce, and he and Jenkins liberally dosed the liquid with the condiments.

"Best sauce I ever ate. You couldn't get good home made soup like this at the Hotel St. Croesus," said Jenkins, as he partook, with tears running down his cheeks from the hot seasoning.

"You bet!" said Mr. Jarr. "Have some more!"

They had some more and after the repeat Mr. Jarr saw his guest to Gu's again and from there to catch a train home.

When Mr. Jarr got back Mrs. Jarr and the children had returned.

"I suppose you had your dinner. You knew I'd be out," said Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, Jenkins was here with me and we found the soup on the gas range," said Mr. Jarr cheerfully.

"Soup?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Why, that was just a pot of greasy water the girl left. Didn't you see the dish rag in it?"

Mr. Jarr grinned. "I saw it, but Jenkins, poor fellow, is drinking hard. He didn't know the difference."

Mrs. Jarr gave him a searching look, but Mr. Jarr stood the ordeal like a man, and insisted it would be a lesson to Jenkins.

But Mr. Jarr had passed up the soup course ever since.